

[Faint handwritten signature]

PEACE WITH DISHONOUR.

W. B. D.

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Over an anxious land,
From sea to sea,
Echoes a wild demand,
"Can it be? Can it be?"
Can we have heard aright,
Is it but fancy's flight,
Or tidings black as night,
Shame and Disgrace?
Peace! with the foe in front,
Boasting his victory!
Britons! 'twas once your wont
Rather to die!
Then—have we all forgot?—
Though they might scheme and plot,
Men fought for England—not
Party and Place!

What from the camp descried,
Mean the forms flying?
What, this receding tide?
Can it be England's pride,
Hurled down Majuba's side,
Wounded and dying?
Still—though brave lives are lost,
England can pay the cost,
Forward another host!
Fortune defying!

No ! a base whisper heard ?
Sue for peace—armistice !
Silence ! nor say the word
Humiliation !
Breathe not the name of it,
Nor whose the blame of it ;
Blush for the shame of it,
Thou, once a Nation !

Yield each position
Conquered in war ;
Bribe the assassin ;
Give Candahar
To the base butcher of brave young Maclaine.
Leave the red war-snakes
To Birmingham charmers ;
Pay down your millions
For new Alabamas ;
Fill up the measure of Europe's disdain !

Go with the flag of truce,
No shameful terms refuse,
Homage to tender.
Go, bid war's trumpet cease ;
Welcome ignoble peace ;
Welcome surrender !
Bluster before the weak,
But with demeanour meek
Offer the other cheek ;
Bow to the stronger !
Mourn for lost Honour's track !
Take thy proud banners back !
Clothe thy white cliffs with black ;
England no longer !

W. B. D.

March 11th, 1881.

